

ASTRAL TYRANNICAL VOICES OPPRESSORS

(Poems)

(parts 1-6)

-by Brian Edwards



In that zone

Between

Being asleep

And being awake

That's where

They seem to be

The strongest

Astral

Tyrannical

Voices oppressors

Mid-point

Violators

Of morality

Of freedom

Deceivers

Weavers

Of subconscious lies

In that hazy zone

In between

They beat me down

They beat me down

With physical attacks

With voices

On the shore

Of the night

Astral tyrannical
Voices oppressors

Blitzing
The morning
With voices bombs

I heard them talk
About
“the control system”

Early
When just waking up
It didn't seem justified

I opened my eyes
And then heard
Their voices
That riddle the calm

Firing off
Deception filled rounds
Of audio munitions

Lies and more lies
Bouncing off the walls

The morning

Will be made calm again

With a sword

Of Stoic indifference

I once thought
They spoke the truth
But that was
A pipe dream

It's now revealed
To me

They ceaselessly spew
Venoms of deception

Lies
Lies
Lies
Even with fries

You may hear
Lies from your fan
Refrigerator
Washing machine
There is a hidden meaning here

If you've got met them
Set your bullshit radar
To the maximum setting

All over the Earth
They're whispering
Intrusive thoughts

Whispering lies

Never seek them out

What a folly

It was for me

Recordings

Full of.....

What the hell?

My ears became deranged

When a leaf fell

It sounded

Like an Atom Bomb

Psychic shockwaves

Psychic shockwaves

At six in the morning

Or three in the afternoon

The boom

The noise

The mind war noise

Of dimensional invasion

Viperous legions

Of the air

A cruel audio

Inquisition

Ringing

In the ears

Again

Call sign

Of dimensional transmission

Message received

Analyzed

Found void of meaning

Its purpose

Was to be an arrowhead

Of malign absurdity

The voices oppressors

Are now in the room

There seems to be

No shield to hide behind

Gardens of pleasant thoughts

Ripped apart

With audio landmines

They call out a name

From their.....

Invisible loudspeaker

Then another

Then another

Astral psychological warfare

Attack

At eleven in the morning

The sky

Is partly cloudy

The world continues

Keeping on

Even as other worlds

Dimensional worlds

Interact

And one of them

Is a realm

Where voices tyrants dwell

Always seeking

A gate

To get through

The voices oppressors

Building

Audio gulags

By night

I run the gauntlet

Of voiced thorns

To the serene

Escape of sleep

The zone

Between sleep

And waking

Is where I feel

Their barbed wired

Audio mutiny

Against anything good

In the zone

Between sleep

And waking

I see their gulags

Rising

Astral voices intruders

Aggravate

Irritate

Disseminate

Voices tyranny propaganda

They bombard

They bombard

Through the wind

Through the wind

Through the fans

And through numerous

Electric hums of the world

They establish outpost

Of voices tyranny

Commencing subversion campaigns

They erect

Insane billboards

Of thoughts

One's thoughts

Turned upside down

The struggle begins

The fight

Has begun

The voices intruders

Calling out

As if

From a false Sun

A sky now filled

With medieval demonology blitz

Mind games

And embedded EVPs

Where

Are they from?

They'll tell you

A thousand tales

(Written June, 2018)